Select Boetry.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be the earth Were there no little people in it; The song of life would lose its mirth, Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms. like buds to grow, And make the admiring heart surrender; No little hand on breast and brow. To keep the thrilling love cords tender,

No babe within our arms to leap. No little feet toward slumber tending ; No little knee in prayer to bend, Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the ladies do for work, Were there no pants or jackets tearing No tiny dresses to embroider? No cradie for their watchful caring? No rosy boys at wintry morn.

With satchel to the school-house hasting ; No merry shouts as home they rush, No precious morsel for their tasting. Tall, grave, grown people at the door,

Tall, grave, grown people at the table; The men of business all intent, The dames lugubrious as they're able. The sterner souls would get more stern,

Unfeeling natures more inhuman, And man to stoic coldness turn. And woman would be less than woman. For in that clime toward which we reach,

Thro time's mysterious, dim unfolding The little ones with cherub smile Are still our Father's face beholding. So said His roice in whom we trust.

When in Judea's realm a preacher. He made a child confront the proud. And be in simple guiss their teacher

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm. Were there no babies to begin it; A doleful place this world would be, Were there no little people in it.

Young Married Women in Society.

Young women in America withdraw themselves from society almost as soon as the marriage vows are exchanged, and do not expect to emerge from their seclusion until they do so as mothers with marriageable daughters. This is one great fault of our society. It consists almost entirely of girls, young men, the mothers of the girls, and the fathers, whom the mothers occasionly drag into the drawing room. Women, at the age when they are most interesting, very up with their husbands and their young to me, "Do let him stay, aunty," and if I children. They are not expected to be seen. hadn't good sense I might, but I knew bet-Society is supposed to be too much engaged in pairing off the younger folks to pay any attention to them- In no country of the world is society so truly and unmistakably a public matrimonial as in this. Mothers exhibit their daughters in the prettiest possible

dresses, with ribbons and flowers. Young men make their efforts-hearts generally-sometimes fortunes-and the fair young creatures are led away, never to appear again until they have goods of their own to offer. They are considered "out of the market," and seem themselves to lose all interest in the social gaities which they should do their share in sustaining. Society s thus robbed of its brightest ornaments. Woman, when she is at the fulness of maturity, yet still young, when she combines matronly dignity with the animation and vigor of girlhood, retires from the social world. She leaves society imperfect—there is a vacuum -a want of something in the drawing room which we have all felt, and the place of which dancing and small talk cannot supply. How often we hear complaints of the frivorlities" of society-not from these only who think religion and social pleasure antagonistic, but from those who long for the intellectual sparkle of conversation.

What have we to compare with the wit, the life, the brilliancy of French society? This is due to young married women, who in France enjoy society, and are, in fact, its life. We cannot afford to loose the society of women the moment they are married and by aside, if not the timidity, certainly the verdancy of girlhood. It does our young girls no good, either, to monopolize the drawing room. We would not have them secluded as they are, and foolishly, in Eumpe, but we would have them stand modestly behind their older and more experienced sisters. They would be more interesting themselves, and society would not be the incomplete and unsatisfactory thing it is. Young married women are needed in society.

John Jacob Astor, Jr., one of the wealthiest men of the city of New York, died in Friday, in the sixty fifth year of his age. He was one of the three sons of the late quence of mental infirmity. The life of the deceased was not one that furnished much material for the biographer. He was a and my heart gave one big thump, as though quiet, unobstrusive man, and seemed desired it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true, and he had a of his inherited riches, attracting as little public attention as possible.

A Correspondent of the Mansfield (Ohio) Herald says: "Mrs. Haskins, who died at amden on the 16th ult., was born in what is now Burlington, Vermont, in 1751, and was consequently one hundred and sixteen years of age when she died. When young she was bound out, and did much hard work. In early life she lived on Long Island, and when the British invaded New York, fled on foot, carrying her bed and a few other articles, eighteen miles, to a place of safety. She was the mother of ten children, eight of whom still survive.'

A clergyman asked some children, "Why we say in the Lord's Prayer, 'Who' art in since God is everywhere?" He saw a little drummer who looked as if he Because it's headquarters."

A MAN AT THE DOOR.

"No tramps here," said I; and I shut the door in his face. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating on the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the

"No tramps here, I'm a lone woman, and I'm afraid of 'em."

Then the man I hadn't seen yet for the dark, went away from the door-champ, champ, came through the slush, and heard the gate creak, and then champ, champ, came the man back again, and he knocked on the door-knocked not half so loud as he had before--and I opened it, hot and angry. This time I saw his face, a pale ghostly face, with yellow brown hair, cropped close, and great staring blue eyes; and he put his hand against the door and held

'How far is it to the next house, ma'am?' said he.

"Three miles or more," said I. "And there is no tavern?

"No," said I; "no drinks to be got there; it's Miss Mitten's; she's as set a-

gainst tramps as I am."
"I don't want to drink," said the man,
"but I want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. 'I've been wounded, and am not able to walk !far, and my clothes are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, where I can rest until I'm better and all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afrai 1; just let me lie before the fire, and give me a crust to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it." And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it, if I hadn't seen so much of those imposters. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said that he was a soldier traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been fool enough to help limped away out of sight, as he thought, and then, for I was at the garret window, shouldered his crutches, and tramped it with the strong-

"No doubt your pocket is full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob

and murder me. Go away with you.' Drusilla, that's my niece, was baking seldom appear at all. They shut themselves to the door and motioned with her mouth cakes in the kitchen. - Just then she came

ter than a chit of seventeen. "Go away with you," says I, louder than before. "I won't have this any longer." And he gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went champ,

champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there he was once more, hardly like a knock at all-a faint touch like a child's now.

And when I opened the door he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever. 'Well, of all impudence!" said I.

He looked at me, and said he, "Madam, have a mother at Greenkank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any farther to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers, said I, and just then it came to my mind that I hoped my son Charles, who had been a soldier-an officer he had got to be, mind you-wanted to see his, and would soon. "I have been wounded, as you see," said

"Don't go a showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy 'em, so they told me, to go begging with now. I read the papers, I tell ye, and I'm principled, so's our clergyman, agin giving anything, unless it's through some well organized society .-Tramps are an abomination. And as for keeping you all night, you can't expect that

of decent folks-go! Drusilla came to the door and said : "Let him stay, aunty," with her lips again, but I took no notice.

So he went, and this time did not come back, and I sat down by the fire, and listened to the wind and sleet, and felt the warm fire, and smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove; and I ought to have been comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself by, and I went to my work basket to get the sock I had been knitting for my Charlie; and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie, John Jacob Astor, the famous millionaire. with fringe around it, and written on with The two surviving sons are Wm. B. and ink, "C. F. to R. H.," and inside was a bit Henry-the latter of whom lives secluded in of tobacco and an old pipe, and a letter; a mansion in Fourteenth street, in conse- and when I spread it out I saw at the top, "My dear son.

I knew the beggar must have dropped it,

mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and the candles and the nice, comfortable smell might not have been at all, I was so cold and wretched. And over and over again I had to say to myself what I had heard our pastor say so often: "Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends, always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks were wet.

But I did not ery long, for as I sat there. hash and crash, and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Hallo, mother!" And out I went to the door and had him in my arms, my great tall, handsome son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder straps as much attention at the Bois be Boulogne, by hearty as if he had never been through any the agility and grace with which she exe-Could give an answer, and turned to him for hardships. He had to leave me to put his cutes the most difficult feats in skating. Well, little soldier, what say you?" horse up; and then I had by the fire again | The Emperor and Empress, it is said, watch my own boy. And Drusilla who had been her with great interest.

up stairs and had been crying-why I wonder ?-came down all in a flutter-for they were like brother and sister-and she kissed him, and then away she went to set the table, and the nice hot things smoked on the cloth as white as snow? and how Charley enjoyed them! But once, in the midst of all, I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I knowed I turned pale, for Drusilla said, "What is the matter, Aunt Fairtax?"

I said nothing, but it was this, kind o' like the ghost of a step, going champ, champ, over the frozen snow; kind o' like the ghost of a voice, saying, "Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give me any kind of a crust;" kind o' like seeing one that had a mother, dropping down on the wintery road freezing and starving to death there. That was what it was, but I put it away and only then thought of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when tea was done, and he told us things about the war I'd never heard before. How the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And he told me how his life had been set upon and he was badly wounded, and how, ing his path back to camp.

"I'd never have seen you but for him, says my Charlie. "And if there's a man on earth I love, it is Rob Hadway—the dearest, best fellow. We've shared each other's rations, and drank from the same canteen many a time; and if ever I had a brother I men. He weighs five hundred pounds. couldn't think more of him.

love him too, and anything I could do for gines. The legs which support it are comhim, for the man who saved my boy's life, couldn't be enough. Send for him, Charhe." But Charlie shook his head, and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother," said he, "I don't know whether Rob Hadway is alive or dead to-day. Each step or pace advances the body two While I was still in the ranks he was taken | feet, and every revolution of the engine proprisoner. And the prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand of making more than a thousand revolutions to be able to do him any good; but I can a minute, it would get over the ground on find no trace of him. And he has a mother, this calculation at the rate of a little more too; she lives at Greenbank-poor old lady, than a mile a minute. As this would be My dear, good, noble Rob, the preserver of working the legs faster than would be safe my life!" And I saw Charlie nearly crying. on uneven ground or on broad street cobble

around until I heard a cry.

"Great heavens! what is this?" And I turned, and Charles had the tobacco pouch The fellow is attached to a common rockthe man had dropped, in his hand.

know, and he vowed never to part with it ed to a circular sustaining bar, which passes

I fell back in my chair, white and cold, and said I, "a wandering tramp left it here; never Rob, my dear; never your Rob. He Oh, no, no, no, no; it is another pouch, child; not that, or he stole it. A tall fellow, which effectually prevent slipping. The me wounded, he said, and going to his mother whole affair is so firmly sustained by the her. at Greenbank. Not your Rob.'

night as this, mother! My mother, to use

"Curse me, Charlie," said I. "Curse me, if you like; I'm afraid God will. Three to lie, and I drove him away. I, I-and he known.

And Charlie caught up his hat. "I'll find him it he's a live," said he. "Oh, Rob! my dear, dear friend.'

as if she were saying her prayers, and says says she to me, "O, aunt! I've been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I could not see him so faint and

"Lord bless you, Drusilla," said Charlie, der, went on: "And I took him up hot short cake and apple sauce and tea," she, "and I took him a candle, and a hot fax, with the white counter-pane.'

After this, Charlie not being ungrateful, nor poor either, helped Rob into business. And he got over his wounds at last, and grew as handsome as a pieture, and to-day week is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give you anything I have," said I, 'and I won't refuse you even Drusilla,' when he asked me, telling me he had loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and from Greenbank, is to be bride's maid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to me, in Drusilla's place. I don't drive beggars from the door now,

on; but this is what I say: "Better to be imposed upon always, than to be cruel to one who is really in need of your help.' And I've read my Bible better of late, the level of the road. and I know who it is that says, "Even as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have

done it unto me.' A young American lady, Miss Beckwith, daughter of the American Commissioner at the Great Exposition, has been attracting

A Steam Man.

The old adage, which proclaims that "there's nothing new under the sun," has been daringly and yet successfully refuted. Mr. Zaddock Deddrick, a Newark machinist, has invented a steam man, one that, moved by steam will perform some of the most important functions of humanity; that will, standing upright, walk or run, as he is bid, in any direction and at almost any rate of speed, drawing after him a load whose weight would tax the strength of three stout draught horses. The history of this curious invention is as follows:

Six years ago Mr. Deddrick, the inventor, who is at present but twenty-two years of as he frequently does, and hug them too, and age, conceived the novel idea of constructing at the same time maintain for her that love a man that should receive its vitality from a which every husband owes his wife. Inperpetual motion machine. The idea was based on the well known mechanical principle that if a heavy weight be placed at the top of an upright slightly inclined from a vertical, gravitation will tend to produce a horizontal as well as vertical motio

The project was not successful. Howevr, by observing carefully the cause of the failure, persevering and perfecting the manat the risk of his own life a fellow soldier form, and by substituting steam in place of Ohio, and after admonishing her husband to had saved him, and carried him away, fight- the perpetual motion machine, the present

success was attained.

The man stands seven feet nine inches high, the other dimensions of the body be-Steam is generated in the body or trunk "Why don't you bring him home to see which is nothing but a three horse power en-your mother, Charlie?" said L. "Why, I' gine, like those used in our steam fire enplicated and wonderful. The steps are takon very naturally and quite easily. As the string and thrown forward by the steam. Not to let us see the tears, he got up and went to the mantle-piece. I did not look the rate of five revolutions per minute, which suspicions were not groundless. would walk the man at the modest speed of

a-way carriage, the shafts of which serve to feel as though I had seen a ghost. I gave | shafts are two bars of iron, which are made | sy." We soldiers did not have much to give, you the carriage, and are curved so as to be joinwhile he lived. How did it come here, around the waist, like a girth, and in which Besides these motions machinery has been arranged by which the figure can be thrown backward or forward from a vertical, nearly must have been an imposter. I wouldn't forty-five degrees. This is done in order to have turned away any person really in want. enable to ascend or descend all grades. To the soles of the feet spikes or corks are fixed shafts, and has so excellent a foothold that And Charlie stood staring at me with two men are unable to push it over, or in any lenched hands; and said he, "It was my way throw it down. In order to enable it to Rob, it was my dear old Rob who saved my stop quickly, it is provided with two applilife, and you have driven him out on such a ances, one of which will, as before stated, throw it backward from the vertical, while the other bends the knees in a direction op-

posite to the natural position. An apright post, which is arranged in times he asked only for a crust and a place front of the dashboard, and within easy sleep together no more." reach of the front seats, sustains two minais lying on the road now. Oh! if I had ture pilot wheels, by the turning of which these various motions and volutions are directed. It is expected that a sufficiently large amount of coal can be stowed away under the back seat of the carriage to work | shirt.' And then-I never saw the girl in such a | the engine for a day, and enough water in a | hurry-down went Drusilla on her knees, tank under the front seat to last half a day. she, "Thank God, I dared to do it." And frightening horses by its wonderful appearance, Mr. Deddrick intends to clothe it and give it as nearly as possible a likeness to the rest of humanity. The boiler and such parts hungry and wounded, turned away, and I as are necessarily heated will be encased in ravelled, a few tears, some jolly lip smackput him in the spare chamber over the par- felt or woolen under garments. Pants, coat ing, and the curtain dropped. Sam says his Whenever the fires need coaling, which is every two or three hours, the driver stops and "Amen," says I. And she getting bol- the machine, descends from his seat, unbuttons "Daniel's" vest opens a door, shovels ly a knapsack has been provided that comled up and placed on top of the knapsack perfects the delusion. The face is moulded charge of the child. into a cheerful countenance of white enamel which contrasts well with the dark hair and moustache. A sheet iron hat with a gauge

top acts as a smoke stack. The cost of the "first man" is \$2,000, though the makers, Messrs. Deddrick & Grass, expect to manufacture succeeding ones, warranted to run a year without reconstruct, on the same principle, horses that will do the duty of ten or twelve ordinary animals of the same species. These, it is confidentially believed, can be used alike before as I used to, and no doubt I'm imposed up- carriages, street cars and plows. The man new constructed can make his way over any irrigular surface whose ruts and stones are

> Prof. Bischoff, of Munich, has recently received numerous skulls of ourangoutang, chimpanzee and gorilla, and comes to the conclusion that Darwin has tailed to prove the ascent of man from the monkey.

The editor of a paper in Maine has lost his wallet containing a torn three cent script, Cincinneti, an old Frenchman who stood two postage stamps that hadn't been used but once, and a Confederate one dollar bill. "Dead broke" at last.

How a Jealous Wife was Cured.

Sam J-is a jolly, rollicking cuss, with a face always expanded by a smile, and a heart always warm with affectionate yearning for his pretty little wite But Sam's olly, free and easy disposition places him on the most friendly terms with all who know him, male and female, and the gushing warmth of his heart often displays itself in the most kindly demonstrations toward those he esteems.

Now, Sam's wife, although pretty, and loving him wildly, is not of the same rollicking disposition as her husband, and cannot exactly understand how he can kiss the girls, deed, fight off the feeling as she would, the genius of jealousy took possession of her soul, and she led Sam, to use his own words, "an awful life." This 'awful life' Sam endured as best he could, hoping soon to convince his wife of the injustice she did in suspecting him of infidelity to her.

A few weeks ago Sam's wife, of a sudden, took a notion to visit some relatives up in be more circumspect and pradent, departed on her journey, to be absent one mouth. Now Sam is decidedly opposed to sleeping alone, being a victim of horrible nightmare, ing correctly proportioned, making him a second Daniel Lambert, by which name he is facetiously spoken of among the workan early riser, was always up and away of a morning, before any one else about the house arose.

Sam had an old lady living in the house, and she was just as full of inquisitiveness as any other woman, and had not the most exalted estimate of Sam's married fidelity. body is thrown forward on the advanced foot | But when making up the bed each morning the other is lifted from the ground by a she discovered head marks upon two pillows instead of one, her suspicions took definita shape, and she was quite ready to swear that Sam's bed was occupied each night by a woman as well as himself. Indeed, she would have sworn to it.

Well, she writes Sam's wife a letter, detailing her conviction, and arranging for her to come home immediately, and to arrive on the midnight train. Then to slip quietly home, and as quietly into her husband's

This little programme was carried out beautifully. The old lady met the returning wife at the door, and said: "You are in cime -she's here, the nasty thing-in bed with "Where did this come from," said he: "I support him in a vertical position. These Sam-in your bed, too, the impudent hus-The wife became furious, but made this to Rob Hadway the day he saved me. fast in the usual manner to the front axle of no noise just then; laying aside her bonnet, shawl, &c., she took a lamp, walked lightly to the door of her husbands room, listened heard talking, began to scream and pound the man moves so as to face in any direction. on the door, and brought Sam out of bed in

a jiffy, and to the door, en dishabille. The wife gave no answer to his wild inquiries as to what was the matter and what had brought her home so unexpectedly. She sereamed out, "you villain, you seamp; I've caught you at last. You could not deceive me always. Ah, that vile woman, I'll kill

Sam smelt a large sized mice. He appreciated the situation at once, and played his part in a masterly manner. "Well, my dear, you have fairly eaught me, and I reckon I might as well confess and have done with it, Sam said, and turning to the bed he cried out, "get up, Mary, for it's all up with us, for my wife has come, and she now knows all. Let's ask forgiveness and promise to

Then Charley's head darted out from under the cover, developing an immense Lair of whiskers-for a woman-and he said "Take her away, Sam, I can't get up before her, for I have no clothes on but just my The jealous wife turned white, then spotted, then red. She read it all, in fact. Sam shrieked out the loudest, broadest guf-In order to prevent "the giant" from faws, and the old lady, who had followed the wite up stairs, exclaimed, "did you ever!

Sam and his wife retired to the parlor, while Charley dressed and soon went down. Explanations followed, mysteries were unlor, and I have been so frightened all the and vest of the latest styles, are provided. wife will never be jealous of him again-at least she so declares.

A Dog Story .- A large Newfoundland dog, earrying a bundle in his mouth, about says in the fuel, buttons up the vest and drives eight o'clock on Thursday evening, barked on. On the back between the shoulders at the door of No. 451 Second avenue, New brick for his feet, and I told him to eat and the steam cocks and gauges are placed. As York. The dog deposited the bundle and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fair-fax, with the white counter-pane." these would cause the coat to set awkward-ly a knapsack has been provided that completely covers them. A blanket neatly rol- female child about a week old. The Com-

The Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, of London is a sensible man. He recently told his hearers that if some of them stayed at home on week days to mind their business, instead of running about to preach in little chapels, few r would become bankrupt. He also advised his female devotees to stay at home "darn-I am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister, pairs, for \$300. The same parties expect to ing" their husband's stockings occasionally instead of always flocking to indulge in a little religious excitement.

A New York City lady found a powder wrapped up in a paper on the street, the other day, and supposing it to be veast powder, used it in making cakes. Her death and a post-mortem examination revealed not more than nine inches below or above the fact that it was a preparation of arsenic.

> The Western Musical World says: One evening, at a social gathering, a young lady played a piece of music consisting of twentyfour pages. A gentleman, in referring to it next day, said they were favored with music by the quire.

There is living in the Sixteenth ward, in Cincinneti, an old Frenchman who stood near the scaffold where the great French tyrant, Robespierre, was guillotined the blood oil Jayne's and Ayer's Medicines for sale by of the victim actually spouting in his face.

Business Directory.

VALTER BARRETT, Attorney at Law, Clear-field, Pa. May 13, 1863.

DR. A. M. HILLS, DENTIST.—Office, corner of Front and Market streets, opposite the Clear-field House, Clearfield. Pa. July 1, 1867-ly.

E. W. GRAHAM, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groce-ries, Hardware, Queensware, Woodenware, Provisions, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

N IVLING & SHOWERS, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Ladies' Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. sep25

ERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware MERRELL & BIGLER, Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron vare. Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June '66. H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

H BUCHER SWOOPE, Attorney at Law, Clear-field, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, four doo's west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

TEST, Attorney at Law. Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all Legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market street. July 17, 1867.

FINHOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and A Sawed Lumber, Dry-Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour. Grain. Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Grabamton. Clearfield county, Pa.

P. KRATZER, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hardware Queensware, Groceries, Provi-sions, etc., Market Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June, 1865. Court House, Clearfield, Pa.

ARTSWICK & IRWIN. Dealers in Drugs, Addicines. Paints, Oils. Stationary, Perfume-ry. Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865. Chartzen & Son, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groce-ries, Provisions, &c., Front Street, (above the Academy.) Cleanfield, Pa. Dec 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH. Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa-rie also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and

attends funerals with a hearse. THOMAS J. M'CULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield. Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield o Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments pre-

pared with promptness and accuracy. July 3. B M'ENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 2d street, one door south of Lanich's Hotel.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room, on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. Apr27.

DENTISTRY.—J. P CORNETT, Dentist, offers his professional services to the citizens of Curwensville and vicinity. Office in Drug Store, corner Main and Thompson Sts. May 2, 1866.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, William's Grove, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding coun July 10th, 1867.. tf. FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail He also keeps

on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863 JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law. Clear-field, Pa. Office with J. B. McEnally, Esq. over First National Bank. Prompt attention giv

all legal business. G. ALBERT & BRO'S, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863

en to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., and to

W ALLACE. BIGLER & FIELDING. Attor-neys at Law Clearfield, Pa., Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa., May 16th, 1866. WILLIAM D. MIGLER WILLIAM A. WALLACE

J. BLAKE WALTERS FRANK PIELDING DR J. P. BURCHFIELD-Late Surgeon of the from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Profes-83d Reg't Penn'a Vols., having returned sional calls promptly attended to. Office South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Oct. 4, 1865—6mp.

FURNITURE ROOMS. JOHN GUELICH,

Desires to inform his old friends and customers that, having enlarged his shop and increased his facilities for manufacturing, he is now prepared to make to order such furniture as may be desired, in good style and at cheap rates for cash. He mostly has on hand at his Furniture Rooms," a varied assortment of furniture, among which is, BUREAUS AND SIDEBOARDS.

Wardrobes and Book-cases; Centre, Sofa. Parlor, Breakfast and Dining extension Tables. Common, French-posts, Cottage, Jen-

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And common and other Chairs. LOOKING-GLASSES Of every description on hand, and new glasses fer old frames, which will be put in on very

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